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# PROTAP CHANDRA MOZOOMDAR

## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

### I.

AN Occidental reader, fed on current newspaper diet, may wonder why it is that Mr. Mozoomdar should be willing to reveal to the world his deeper moral and spiritual life, his religious growth and aspiration, but should shrink from having anything said about his personality. I have only been able to obtain from him a grudging consent to write even the simplest detail of his personal life and history. The reason undoubtedly is that Mr. Mozoomdar is so completely identified with his work, and so habitually lives in the contemplation of universal principles and the Universal Life, that he shrinks from bringing into contrast concrete elements of individual history. Egotism or vanity in any form is as far removed from him as from any human being I have ever seen. While he emphasises personality in his work and in his religious conceptions, no one could be less obtrusive, less self-asserting.

The life of Mr. Mozoomdar has not been externally eventful. It has not been a life of kaleidoscopic changes and great alternations, like that of many a self-made man. It has been rather the life of a thinker, a prophet, and

a reformer, but a life which has had its noble efforts and its personal and spiritual triumphs.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar was born in October 2, 1840. The name Protap means strength ; Chunder, the moon. Mozoomdar is the family name. His horoscope must have been written ; but, both parents dying early nobody took interest in preserving that document. He was born in a village called Bansbaria, nearly seven miles from Hughly to the north, twenty-four miles from Calcutta. Being the first child of his father, and a male child at that, his father being the first born of his grand-father, and his grand-father being a man of some consequence, his old nurse used to tell him that there was a good deal of fuss at his birth. They beat tom-toms, blew conch-shells and gave away quantities of oil in brass pots to the people of the village. "I remember nothing of my baby days" says Mr. Mozoomdar, "except that I had a high head, a lean body,—a regular tadpole,—and my milk teeth were all worm-eaten ; but at times curious sensations of sacred joy come floating from the darkness of infancy present themselves before my consciousness, and are immediately claimed as old acquaintances. The sight of some color or some flower, a moment of health or joyous experience, suddenly recalls the time the chief feature of which was an impetuous happiness and a sense of glory. My life on earth began in joy." This joy was not interrupted, however. When he was about three years old,

he followed one evening his mother to the top of the house, where some branches of a bale-tree that grew inside the compound fell drooping in the parapet, with masses of leaves and flowers. There were also many waterspouts, inside of which the little boy heard a curious buzzing activity. It was evidently the nest of some insect. Breaking a twig from the tree, he thrust it vigorously into the depth of the spout. The result is thus described in his own words : "In a moment dozens of furious hornets flew around me, horridly trumpeting, and fastening themselves viciously to all parts of my body. My cries drew my mother to my side. She was stung so severely that she had to call for assistance. It was some time before the little monsters could be taken out of my skin. They could not be taken out alive. The hornets of Bengal, have killed many grown up persons. I recovered, but carry the marks of this encounter all over my body to this day."

His infancy was spent at Garifa, an ancestral village where his father and grandfather were reared. The river Hughly was a standing wonder to him, with its boats of many sizes, some with fishing-nets a long way out in the water, with great white sails filled with the wind. The town of Hughly on the other side, with its strand, its steeples, its dimly seen houses, ghats, and roads, was a sort of future world, the realities of which he feared to inquire into. "I was allowed to bathe," he said, "in the river once a week, along with other boys ; but I

was always escorted by a servant, who smeared me, as well as himself, with plenty of mustard oil. I splashed about in all directions in worthless efforts at learning to swim, got half-choked now and then, gulped down a good deal of water whenever out of my depth, and on one occasion narrowly escaped drowning; but I never tired of the water. Nor do I ever get tired of reflecting on these infant experiences. Like some invisible writing on the wall, which fades and rekindles and fades away again, the sense of infancy clings to me. It revives in the purest moments of my being. It is lost when I fall away. The faith is in me that the lustreful joyousness, free-born innocence, and fearless safety of infancy are recoverable, partly here, wholly elsewhere. Of true life, in any stage of its growth, nothing dies; whether of joy or wisdom, of love or purity, all that is true is put into the man from the Eternal who surrounds him."

His earliest education was begun in the home. In his house in the village there was a Patshalla, or village school, where many village boys came to learn. "We all squatted on the floor, each on his squared mat, rather ragged, under a large straw shade in the middle of the courtyard. Each boy carried his earthen inkpot either in his hand or suspended from strings, and his mat in a long roll under his arm, with the palm-leaves, on which he practised his alphabet sticking out, at one end. The very beginners, like myself, wrote with

bamboo pens on palm leaves ; those who were older wrote on plantain-leaves; only those who belonged to the highest order of scholarship were allowed to use paper. Generally they are content to write on dirty newspaper; but on rare occasions they were indulged with rough Serampore paper, as well as reed pens. These reed pens were the cynosure of all eyes : we hated our grimy bamboo ones. We were all very noisy, because whatever each boy wrote, whether it was a syllable or a sum, he proclaimed with a nasal intonation, so that the master, who was always dozing or smoking his *hookah*, might make sure that we were hard at work, and the boy himself might feel a zest in his literary progress. We were also very inky, as a sign that we meant to do our business in earnest. But there was another reason for it. No sooner had a boy made a blot in writing than he wiped out the ink with his fingers, rubbing the fingers on his head, which was a sort of universal blotting-pad and pen-brush. Or he licked out the ink and with his tounge : if it felt distasteful, which it always did he rubbed the tounge with his dhotie. So from head to foot he was full of ink. We perhaps did not learn much ; but what little we did learn was without constraint, and in joy. The Patshala was a friendly gathering, and suited every one."

In 'some autobiographical notes, which I fished out of Mr. Mozoomdar's bag, and righteously confiscated,



under cover of his reluctant consent, he has given some pictures of his early teachers, one of which will convey some idea to a Western reader of his early school life in India :—

“The first schoolmaster I remember perfectly. He was an oldish man, with a round, goodhumored face, clean-shaven, rather fat, but not of large size. He was the sircar, or clerk, of the house, as well as *guru-mahashai*, or preceptor. He shaved the front half of his head ; and on the back he wore a large tuft of hair tied in a loop, which, when he was in a careless mood fell loose on his shoulders in a sable silvered mass. He always chewed the pan (betal leaf) and smoked the *hookah* ; and he seldom caned us unless seriously annoyed. He taught us no end of funny child-rhyme, and other pleasant nonsense, which sometimes still effervesces in my head. We all loved him and his cane-petara, or box, which he sometimes opened in our presence. Into the contents we pried curiously, with the hope of finding a sweetmeat or a plaything. Now and then I ventured into his kitchen, watched his cooking, and sang to him at his bidding though my song was always a failure. The words and the tunes failed me equally : he laughed ; and I, too, was obliged to laugh, but I felt as if I should cry. The old *guru-mahashai* went home, did not come back for a long time, and then we heard he was dead. We missed him long and sorely : his figure comes to mind most vividly ; and,

when his successor came, we dismissed his memory with sadness and affection."

The young boy was prompt at his lessons, and particularly good at Arithmetic. This sounds strange to him now in view of what he terms his "mathematical Nirvana in after life." But this failure he attributes to the early death of his father. The father is recalled with greatest tenderness and affection, and in the pages to which I have had access there are these devout reminiscences; "In the dim, far, sad past I trace my father's face, a large, generous, loving face, in which great impulsiveness was written in strong characters. He was a stout, florid, full sized man, very kind, very angry, frank, artless, warm-hearted beyond discretion, but not very learned. He was educated up to the ordinary standard of those times, was a teacher of the Hughli College for some time, and then a senior clerk in the bank. I believe he had some leanings toward the Brahmo Somaj; for I fanitly recollect he had some volumes of the Tatwabodhini Prttrika, the organ of the Adi Brahmo Somaj, in his room. Oh that he had lived a few years longer for me to have known him better! Oh that he had gone after putting me under the care of some one able to take care of me, and teach me! But he died very early, too soon. In fact, he could not have been more than thirty two when he died, and I was about nine. He left me an orphan under the care of my young mother, who knew not what to do under the paralysis of her

great sorrow. The village woodmen speak of him with tears in their eyes. He always lent them money, took it not, but gave them more. The village widows talk of him to bless his memory. And the village boys, who have grown into older men than myself, mention him with honor and affection. He taught them, and read with them, and preferred them before his own son. He often showed severity to me outwardly ; but I know he always loved his boy in the heart of his heart, with all the fulness and fondness that there was in him. I have not lived to be a father, and know not what to expect of a son ; but I do know in his simple soul he found in me some promise, and there was endless plans for the future of his first-born child. Have I fulfilled that promise ? From thy serene blessedness in a better world, O thou dear long-lost parent, dost thou realise that future in my uneven life ? Has thy son proved worthy of thy hope and wish, as thou hopest, and wishes in heaven ? Speak, guardian spirit, speak to thy listening offspring, and inspire fresh resolves and ideals in my heart."

Not less tender and vivid are his memories of his mother, of whom with filial piety he has written in these private reminiscences. "She was a beautiful being, young, high-minded, intelligent, queenly in her features. She was unlettered, like other women of her time ; but she was a lady with the high training of her caste and her position. She became a widow at about twenty-five,

and loved me as a heart-stricken widow can love her growing son. She wished I should be comfortable, and learn the best that a boy of my age should. But her means were very limited, and she could have no hand in my education. At times she could not help buying me an article of dress or ornament, a cap now, a gold chain then, because in those days everyone seemed to be doing better than her poor orphaned boy. The little money she had from the family funds for her expenses was not enough for the frequent presents she sent to my two married sisters : my younger brother was an infant, and what little was left was spent on me. My dear mother always ate the coarsest food, and but once in the day. Her clothing was simple and rough : she chose no end of hardships for herself. No one compelled her : she did it all out of the deep, incurable grief in her heart. She fasted twice in the month, without taking so much as a drop of water in the hot long day and night. She often overworked and tired herself, and seemed anxious for nothing except her death. That death at last came. It came on the night of her forthightly fast, in July, 1858. I returned rather late from Keshub's house, found she had gone to bed, complaining that she had a slight disorder of the stomach. As she was subject to such complaints, I did not think much about it. Later, at about one o'clock, I was called up, and learned she was very ill. Hastening to her side, I found her voiceless, deaf, and

livid. She had got the worst type of cholera. Everybody in the house was up except my uncle, who was the Karta (Head). Nobody seemed to care to call in a doctor: everybody was evidently prepared for her death. My perplexity and distress may be imagined. Rushing to speak to my uncles, I was not admitted to their rooms; and no one, not even a servant, would go, for a medical man. Maddened and despairing, I rushed into the streets, tried to call up Keshub and other friends; but every gate was shut for the night. I ran to a doctor's house in the neighborhood, but his servant turned me out. I don't know into how many places I went, and pleaded my poor, dying mother's case, but could get no medical help. Returning home by about dawn, I found her in a state of collapse, but still conscious. On seeing me, she struck her forehead with her hand to show that all hope was gone. A doctor came not long after, but it was too late. She ceased to breathe by about 8 A.M. I was motherless at nineteen. What need to bewail the world's hard-heartedness? What need to curse the selfish cruelty of men and women to the wretched, forsaken Hindu widow? To them she was a widow only: to me, my dear mother, the sole guardian and friend I had in all the world. In time the dearest cease to miss their dearest: all incurable wounds are healed. I have now the blessed love of a devoted, good wife. I have the unspeakable consolations of the grace of God. But when I am very



‘God as life has illumined the past, present, and future. The Unknown, whom as a child I ignorantly saw, I have known, recognized, and worshipped as a man. Talk to your child as if he, too, sees what you see and trusts what you trust. Talk to him of the present God, the living God, the bright, joyous, beautiful, loving God: there is no knowing what his simple natural faith will ripen into or reveal.”

The happy days in the early Patshalla were to give way to harsher experiences. Many marvel at Mr. Mozoodar’s remarkable command of English. To such it may be of sympathetic interest to describe his early and then fruitless struggles with our language :—

“I got over my elementary, vernacular training smoothly enough. I have no disagreeable recollections about it. My troubles commenced with the English alphabet. There was a dignity in beginning to learn English in those days, but in my case fear swallowed the self-consciousness. I was an exceedingly sensitive and timid child. Kindness could have opened out no end of possibilities in me. Harshness was positively killing. And this harshness met me at the very threshold of my English education. Strangely enough I could never make out the difference between *b* and *c*, always confounding the one with the other, and the smart raps on the head I got at each blunder did not at all help my intelligence: my streaming eyes obstructed my seeing what was what. Every time I

opened my primer, it seemed to put on a new appearance, because, I remember, I often opened it upside down. It looked all so strange and unfamiliar that I shut the book in despair, and stood in anticipation of the rapping and caning which it suggested. I hope little boys (I could not have been more than six then) are not so much beaten now. Boys may be beaten now and then for being wicked or disobedient or wilfully careless, but never for being nervous or confused or helpless. Caning and browbeating drive away what little smartness may be left in a poor, timid, delicately organized little fellow. I sadly and fondly reflect how much I could have learned if anybody had taught me lovingly, gently, placing himself in the situation of a frightened child who was not dull, but required a little kindness to bring out what was in him. Perhaps flogging in public schools should not be wholly dispensed with, but except for very grave moral irregularity it ought never to be resorted to. Three-fourths of the cowardliness of Bengali boys come from the habitual fear of cruel punishments. Now, in the village Patshalla, under the old guru-mahashai, with the topknot and the round face, I learned everything joyfully, taking great leaps from one lesson to another, from one subject to another, brilliant even in arithmetic, the *bête noire* of my whole school life. Why was it so different when I went to learn English? The turban, the twisting of



the mustache, the fierce striking of the rattan on the table, and the general inscrutability of the schoolmaster's face annihilated all my powers of calculation. The schoolmaster seemed to take greater pride in terrifying me than in teaching me."

Mr. Mozoodar was in the Hughly College for about a year, when his family removed to Calcutta. He first entered Hare School, and soon afterwards the Hindu College. "Amidst all the frightful unsympathetic race of schoolmasters," he says, "I remember one exception. That was the late Babu Gopi Mohan Mittra, teacher of the third junior class, and afterward head of the Calcutta Public Library. He could be severe if he liked ; but he was kind, positively affectionate, to me,—why I cannot say. His kindness had a remarkable effect on me. I did well in every branch of study, and even my mathematics looked up. I could work a sum with as little difficulty as any other boy ; but in geography, history, English prose and poetry, I was decidedly above par. I got the first prize of the form and a double promotion, getting at a bound to the junior first."

In six months there was another class examination, and Mozoomdar's name stood at the top of the junior first ; and he was promoted again. He is disposed to think these rapid promotions injudicious. "I entered the dreaded senior department before my time. There was no one to show sympathy with my triumphs, not

one to give a warning of the dangers ahead. I was completely alone in my struggles in the junior classes, and in solitude I was ushered into the senior. It was located in a separate building. There was a large shady tree on the compound ; and there was a still, rarefied atmosphere in which the English teachers (awful beings) lived, and moved on tiptoe. In the class-room the English language was always spoken, geometry was taught, diagrams were drawn on the blackboard, and no end of other scholastic marvels were wrought daily. I went in great fear, but was not unkindly received. It did not turn my head, but it broke the continuity of the growth of my powers. I had by this time picked up some knowledge of the English language, and was quite able to keep abreast of the usual studies ; but the too rapid promotion did me one fearful harm,— it broke the link of my mathematical progress. From the simple rule of three to the four books of Euclid was a very big jump, and I fell through most hopelessly. My old horror of mathematics returned. If any one had helped me, I could have weathered the trial ; but no one cared. The teachers did not take the least interest in my improvement. They did not flog me, as in the junior classes ; they were simply stolid and indifferent. What I could do by my own efforts I did : what I could not do was never taught me, and was therefore never done. The school was not a place for learning, but a place for rehearsal : what we learned at home we repeated there. This

was successfully done by boys who had private tutors. These passed as the cocks of the class : the others were dunces ; but no pains were taken to sharpen the powers of the dull, or to help the timid and the backward."

"Thus a too reckless repression spoiled my powers as an infant, and a too reckless promotion spoiled my powers as a boy. Perhaps I should not say 'spoiled,' because my powers were neither wasted nor deformed, but reserved for a later growth. It, however, remains true that all self-education is more or less without system ; and the absence of system in youth means carelessness and languor in manhood."

Two years were then spent in the Presidency College where the student was a favourite with all the professors except the mathematical one. This finished his academic course. Thus in the year 1859, a year after his marriage, he was left adrift in the world. He describes himself as "a spirited young man, with plenty of intelligence, sentiment, and power of language, but without much force of character and with insufficient principles." He recalls now with pain the evil associations into which he was thrown, and the low moral condition of much of Bengali society.

Reflecting upon his early career, Mr. Mozoomdar attributes to personal influences greater effect in forming his mind than all the books he waded through. Two men have powerfully influenced his destiny : one, his cousin and devoted friend, Keshub Chunder Sen : the

other, Devendra Nath Tagore, one of the patriarchs of the Brahmo-Somaj. The latter stood before the young man in his character as a finished piece of workmanship, to be admired, loved, and, as far as possible, imitated. Keshub was yet unfinished. But he had the fascination of a growing beautiful character. "He grew with and into us from within : he was in perpetual contact with us. He was most natural, and made everything about him as wholesome as the earth and air. He was so true, strong, warm, elevated, and magnetic that he became to me really a part of myself, the better part. He was like another self to me, a higher, holier, diviner self. Yes : we grew together, he in one direction, and I in a somewhat different. I was conscious of the difference ; but he grew into me, and I grew into him, in a relationship which outlived the separation of death itself."

Mr. Mozoomdar has left on record more than once his disapproval of child-marriages, but this is not due to any misfortune in his own experience. One of the most joyous events in his early recollection was that of his youthful marriage.

"At eighteen years I was a married man. My friends and relatives were married earlier. My mother made it a grievance—and I half agreed with her, though I could not give it out for very shame—that I was kept unmarried till so late. Boys were married more for the satisfaction of their parents than for their own sake, because the little plaything of a daughter-in-law was a

sort of ornamental appendage to the house. But it was not a little joy to my private feelings that at last the grand crisis of my life was approaching. It was, I believe, about the year 1858. The alarm and excitement of the Mutiny had not yet subsided, the streets of Calcutta were still patrolled at night by ragamuffin East Indian volunteers, passes had to be taken out from the police for every procession, and in my case it was for a time considered doubtful whether the bridegroom's passage could be made as imposing as my friends wished it. But they managed to procure a braying, second-rate European brass band, got together some grand lights, hired a lot of coolies, and the tom-toms beat, the Sanais piped. I was seated on a tonjon, dressed up in gold and tinsel, like a Christmas cake; and the rabble moved on to the bride's house with as much noise, shouting, and disorder as they could produce. But, though I was half-starved with fasting, and the smoke of the Roman candles nearly choked me, the bands, European and native, deafened me, and the coolies who carried me threatened to hurl me into the ditch, I felt the exhilaration of a Roman conqueror. A nameless expectation raised my spirits. On no occasion of my life do I remember to have experienced a similar elation. When Keshub returned from England in 1870, and we brought him home in triumph, I was much excited. When I returned from Europe in 1874, and Keshub illuminated his house and

escorted me home from Allahabad, I was also excited. Some of my very succesful meetings in America pleased me exceedingly. But nothing could be compared to the wild joyousness, or brilliant anticipations of that dark July night when I moved in procession with my friends and relatives from Calutola to Chorebagan to marry my child-wife.

Marriage is an immortal mystery. The hand of destiny is surely on it. It is a God-arranged adaptation. Saudamini, my intended wife, was about eleven, of course unlettered like other girls of her age. I had but glimpses of her once or twice before, but directly the ceremonies were completed I was over head and ears in love with her. Cupid is blind, and even child-marriage does not give him the fatal eyesight. I am sure that thousand have felt as I did. How is this love to be accounted for? An ardent, youthful preoccupation of the mind, a sense of the inevitable, a fancy, a passing fun? Far, far from that. From the night of that far-off wedding, thirty-three years ago, down to this day, I have cherished my dear wife as if I had elected her from the choicest womanhood of the world; and my affection, true as it is, is but a pale poor shadow beside the fadeless love and increasing service with which she has blessed my solitary life. There is, indeed, a mysterious dispensation in marriage, as in birth and death. Those who are led to it by the hand of God as my poor little wife and I were, and accept the lead-

ing in filial obedience and childlike joy, find it in the strength, progress, repose, and guardianship of all their future life. I do not approve of child-marriages. I do not at all believe in unlimited courtships ; but there is such a thing as preordained purpose in every true marriage, and love at first sight does often mean union of life and heart forever. The mysterious power of the sacrament of marriage, if submitted to in a faithful spirit may call forth what is deepest, purest, and tenderest in man and woman ; and marriage itself is sufficient for its pre-requisites and after-requisites. The mismated can improve their relations. The contrary-minded can make their path smooth if they have faith in marriage as a sacred institution.

“ Men and women expect of each other more than can be got in life from their circumstances. All men are not the same nor are all women. Each one is environed by peculiar disabilities, account for them as you may. And the wisest thing for all who marry is to know their respective limitations, with the moral resolve never to ask anything beyond. Beauty of appearance, sweetness of temperament, devotedness of service, readiness of sympathy, refinement of taste, are special blessings, and are, on the whole, evenly balanced in human households.”

We now come to Mr. Mozoomdar's connection with the Brahmo-Somaj. Samaj means society ; Brahmo, worshipper of God. This religious movement in

India was begun under the leadership and inspiration of Ram Mohun Roy. It was a movement out of the limitations of Hinduism toward universal religion. Ram Mohun Roy, like the remarkable men who have followed him in the leadership of this movement, recognized the good in all systems of religion, and did not wish to be bound by the traditions or limitations of any. The movement was ethical, and reformatory as well as religious. It was directed against the caste system, against the evils of early marriage, the burning of widows, and sought the emancipation of women from the seclusion, darkness, and ignorance of traditional Orientalism. Mr. Mozoomdar first formally identified himself with this movement by signing the covenant in 1859. The initiation of Brahmos had become a common thing then. But it was a great event to the young man of nineteen, and he trembled all over when he signed the covenant. To him it was no nominal, perfunctory act. It meant personal sacrifice, alienation from friends, bitter sorrows as well as grand inspirations, uplifting experiences, and glorious triumphs. The Brahmo-Somaj was then in a transition state. It was still partially submerged in Hinduism, with strong tendencies toward Europeanism. Little was expected from a man who accepted the covenant except, perhaps, a few annas as yearly subscription, and attendance at the grand feast which Babu Devendra Nath Tagore gave during the anniversary celebration. "I doubt very much", says Mr. Mozoomdar,



“if any Brahmo had the habit of daily prayer ; and as for gross, idolatrous practices, no one ever dreamed of giving them up. But the Brahmos were generally taken to be truth-speaking, honest men, with more or less advanced views on the subject of Hindu theology.”

The character of the Brahmo-Somaj was much modified by the influence which Keshub and Mr. Mozoomdar exercised in its development. It is interesting to watch the growth of a new religious movement, especially one which emerges from Hinduism into the nobler theism of the Brahmo-Somaj. Referring to this early period, Mr. Mozoomdar says :—

“With me and my companions the prevailing feature of religious life was an extreme sentimentalism. There was no end to our weeping at the time of prayer and sermon. Shedding copious tears was thought to be the perfection of devoutness ; and there was a sense of vague, intense grandeur about everything done in the Somaj. One distinctive peculiarity as Keshub’s associates was that we prayed every day,—not, indeed, very strictly, according to the forms of the Brahmo-Somaj, but according to the needs and impulses of our own hearts. Our views were unidolatrous and rationalistic, but they were very indefinite ; and all that Keshub taught we accepted without question. Devendra Nath Tagore was our spiritual preceptor : Keshub was our philosopher, guide, and friend. We never cared to claim the right of independent thought. We had plenty of spirit,

intelligence, and emotion ; and we made great struggle to improve our moral character. We never thought it a duty to protest against what our guides told us to do. They moulded us as they thought best, and we suffered it instinctively and lovingly. It was a sweet spiritual discipleship, and nothing like it is known in these days. The band of men who submitted to this kind of leading have now become the leaders of the movement in their turn ; but so far as visible, few have submitted to their leading.

“ A different kind of relationship now pervades the Brahmo-Somaj. In the course of years the rupture with Devendra Nath Tagore occurred, and then we were left under Keshub's direction entirely. He influenced us not so much by any namable influence as by his superior humanity. The fact is that, when we entered the Brahmo-Somaj, there was no religion in it. There was some refined social life, some spirit of organization, some amount of moral character, a good deal of pious sentiment in Devendra Nath Tagore, but no faith, no devotion, no aspiration after the holiness of personal life outside his example. All the peculiar type of religious life which the Brahmo-Somaj has come to possess is the result of the spiritual genius of Keshub Chunder Sen. The Adi-Brahmo-Somaj is very much what it was in those days. It is needless to try to give here a metaphysical or historical analysis of how the Brahmo-Somaj came to be what it now is. I have

done that in my books. It is only necessary to say that the union of kindred spirits, worked upon incessantly by the Spirit of God, and led one by one of the greatest men whom the world ever saw, produced all the power and all the promise of the movement. From a small sect it grew up to be a Universal Church ; but, unfortunately, it now threatens to divide into a small sect again."

His acceptance of the principles of the Brahmo-Somaj produced an important influence on his domestic relations. The fact of joining the Somaj did not in itself involve any ostracism ; but, when he insisted upon maintaining social relations with outcast families, and refused to have anything to do with idolatrous or even superstitious practices of any kind, they began to grumble. And when at last he took his wife to the house of Babu Devendra Nath Tagore, on the day of Keshub's appointment to the Brahmo-Somaj ministry in 1862, there was an open and wide breach. But this courageous step was necessary, if the Brahmo-Somaj was to fulfil its mission. "When we began," said Mr. Mozoomdar, in an address in Boston, "where were our women? Our young men were superfine in their ideas, exquisite in their taste, Occidental in their philosophy, Anglicized in their dress ; but our women were at home, sitting in darkness. The light was all on the side of the young man." It was a dangerous experiment to take this new religion to the women

also. In the same address Mr. Mozoomdar said : " I remember very well that dreadful April evening when Chunder Sen and myself took our young wives to that meeting at the house of Devendra Nath Tagore. He had lost his caste ; but our caste, though shaky, had not been lost. All went very well. The meeting was successful : the prayers were stirring, and the hymns elevating ; but, as the dark hours of evening approached, to little missives were brought from our elderly relatives, which said in effect : ' Since you have violated the wishes of your guardians, in taking yourselves and your wives to the house of an excommunicated man, you are no longer welcome at our houses. Go, and provide for yourselves.' "

Mr. Mozoomdar determined for once to stand on his rights. He would cross the threshold, and see what came of it. But his poor wife trembled from head to foot. How could she go and show her face to women who were so furious ? Her husband took her firmly by the hand, and said, " We must go." All the houses in the neighborhood were crowded : every house-top was full of women ; every house door was full of men. They were curious to see the destiny that awaited her. There was no open violence, but that fearful boycotting which was one of the consequences of excommunication was immediately experienced. No cook would prepare their meals. No servant would touch their clothes.

The people in the neighborhood would not talk to them. The experience was painful and humiliating. His wife, in this emergency, managed things with the firmness, heartiness and industry which have always characterized her.

The reader will find in "Heart Beats" more than one beautiful tribute by Mr. Mozoomdar to the wife who has been so long his faithful helpmeet. Referring to the practice of child marriage, and to the fact that arrangements are made by parents without consulting their children, Mr. Mozoomdar is disposed to believe that the average happiness in the Hindu family is as great as that which is experienced under our freer and more natural methods of marriage arrangement. "If all the women of the world," he has said, "were to pass before me, I would choose my dear wife above them all. And every added year of my life confirms me in this feeling." In a conversation with the writer, Mr. Mozoomdar recently said: "My wife has had a wonderful power of work. If it had not been for her, I could not have got on at all. I am so absent-minded, and impractical in the pursuits of life. Work which ought to have been mine in the administration and management of my affairs she has taken and fulfilled much better than I could have done."

With his cousin, Keshub Chunder Sen, young Mozoomdar, after leaving college, was for a time employed in a bank. Mr. Mozoomdar smiles a little,

and those who know him well may smile also, at his undertaking a business career. It soon became evident, not only to himself, but to the officers of the bank, that this was not his natural sphere. The young man had an irresistible inclination to write prayers and devotional exercises even in bank hours ; and one day, when the devotional spirit had come over him, he seized a piece of paper, and was writing down his ardent thought when an officer of the bank stepped behind him, and touching him with his cold, unsympathetic hand, said, "Is this the way you are using bank time?" It is possible that a modern commercial agency might rate the habits of a devotional young man somewhat higher than those of young men who are less devotional and more profligate. But later, when the head of the bank issued a stringent order which interfered with the liberty of the employees in other directions, Mr. Mozoomdar withdrew from the uncongenial position. Mr. Mozoomdar's father left him a patrimony of 15,000 rupees, equal to 6,000 dollars. Through mismanagement of the guardian much of this patrimony was wasted ; and when a settlement was effected, but 10,000 rupees were left.

The social ostracism induced by joining the Brahmo-Somaj, and irregularities of the family in which he lived, led the young Brahmo and his wife to long for a home of their own. An opportunity presented itself when Mr. Mozoomdar was called to the editorship of

the *Indian Mirror*, a paper established by the Sen family, first as a fortnightly, then as a weekly, and afterwards as a daily. Mr. Mozomdar had been a frequent contributor. When it became a daily, in 1870, he took editorial charge, and removed with his wife to rooms in the same building with the office. Thus his connection with the family household ceased. But he loved the house and its inmates; and he and his wife often went there, and were kindly received. Mr. Mozomdar worked hard on the *Mirror*, and the little household was peaceable and prosperous.

When he was about twenty-five years of age, Mr. Mozomdar began to preach in the vernacular. He has preached not only in Bengali, but also in Hindostanee. The great medium, however, for communication in different provinces in India is English. His early studies in English—the hardships of which have been detailed in the earlier parts of this sketch—were of little benefit. But his practice in writing on the *Mirror* was of great value. He drank in deep draughts of English literature, and read everything he could lay his hands on, especially in the department of philosophy. But it was not until he was nearly thirty years of age that he began to preach and make public address in English. Since his active connection with the Brahmo-Somaj, his life has been wholly given to the development of its religious principles. This he has done more through preaching and writing than through work as an organizer.

In 1874 he made his first visit to England leaving India in March and returning in December. In 1883 he revisited England, and then extended his journey to America. The memory of his visit, and the inspiration and enthusiasm it awakened, will still be fresh in the minds of many who heard his preachings and read his writings. He returned to India by way of San Francisco, stopping in Japan and lecturing in the University. It was during his first visit to America that he completed the manuscript of his "Oriental Christ," published in 1883. This remarkable volume at once was recognized as the product of a devout mind, active intellect, and a glowing imagination. It was essentially a new contribution to Christology. Mr. Mozoomdar has also written the following volumes: "The Faith and Progress of the Brahmo-Somaj," written and published in India; "Sketches of a Tour around the World"; "The Life and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen" (written soon after the death of his devoted friend, who passed away just before Mr. Mozoomdar's return to India in 1883); and "Aids to Moral Character."

Mr. Mozomdar came again to this country in September, 1893, to attend the meeting of the Parliament of Religions, where he read a paper on "The World's Religious Debt to Asia." In Boston he was invited to deliver four lectures on India before the Lowell Institute. So great was the interest in these lectures that he was induced to repeat them afternoons,



under the same auspices, to a crowded hall. These lectures were reported and published in the *Christian Register*. He has preached in many pulpits in Boston, also in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University and has given public addresses in other cities. He always speaks without notes, and without preparing his addresses in writing. He prefers to think out his addresses when he is walking out of doors, establishing a line of thought in his mind, but leaving the verbal clothing for the occasion. "The religious impulses that come to me," he said to the writer, "open all my powers of expression and thought. My religion is entirely and absolutely the source of my education, character, and power of speech. It has stimulated my intellectual and moral life; and *I feel that a religion which can make one man can make many men, and therefore my faith in it is great.*"

With what was left of his patrimony Mr. Mozoomdar built Peace Cottage in Calcutta in 1878. He also secured home at Kurseong in the Himalayas, about twenty-four hours' journey by rail from Calcutta, and five thousand feet above sea-level. Here he spends six and sometime eight months of every year. The greater part of his three books, "The Oriental Christ," "The Spirit of God," and "The Heart Beats" have been written at this lofty height. Here, away from the distractions of Calcutta, he finds peace in communion with the spirit in nature and in man. As he has never re-

ceived any salary from the Brahmo-Somaj, his work has often been pursued under circumstances of physical privation and need ; but all these experiences, as nearly every other event or condition in his life, have been turned into spiritual profit and edification.

Thus, though Mr. Mozoomdar's life has not been one of great external variety, it has been one of varied moral and spiritual experience. He has walked the smooth and the thorny path, in the valley and on the mountain. He has entered into the universal experience of men, and we can hardly think of one reading "Heart Beats" without finding his own heart responding to the pulse within it. To me it seems the most remarkable devotional book since that of Thomas a Kempis.

Samuel J. BARROWS.

## II.

Not long after the death of Keshub Chunder Sen, Mr. Mozoomdar turned his attention to the creation of better understanding and mutual regard between the members of the three sections of the Brahmo-Somaj—the Adi, the Sadharan and the New Dispensation. He published his "Interpreter" first in May 1885. It was a monthly journal and the contents were mostly written by him. The paper breathed peace and concord. It embodied his mature thoughts on all subjects. His weighty words on current topics were a great help in arriving at the right conclusion. Mr. Mozoomdar visited America for the second time in 1893, to be present at the Parliament of Religions. His speeches at the Parliament and in some of the principal cities of America made a strong religious impression on the minds of the people there. Speaking of the event, Mr. Sunderland wrote recently: "It is not too much to say that the great religious Parliament, where he spoke many times, he was listened to with greater and more continuous eagerness and interest than any other speaker, American or foreign. And the interest was not mere curiosity—if it had been only that, it would quickly have spent itself; but everybody felt the spell of his eloquence; and, better still, all felt the

depth and sincerity of his piety, and the mighty spiritual uplift of his utterances." In 1900 he went to America for the last time to take part in the deliberations which ultimately led to the formation of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers. On his way to that country and back from it, he stopped and lectured in England. The progress and culture of the young men occupied no small part of Mr. Mozoomdar's attention. On them he looked with hope for the future progress of his Somaj and of his country. The Society for the Higher Training of Young Men, now called the Calcutta University Institute, was, as is well known, originally the handiwork of Mr. Mozoomdar.

The four visits that Mr. Mozoomdar paid to England, and the three to America, made the teachings of the Brahmo-Somaj familiar in those countries. Many are the forces that are at work to bridge the great gulf which divides the two distant branches of the Aryan race. When Raja Ram Mohan Roy laid the foundation of the Theistic Church in India, along with similar movements in England and America, a powerful agent was set at work towards this end. His own presence in England impressed on the minds of the English savants the grandeur of Indian character when fully developed. Within forty years after that, Keshub Chunder Sen's visit to England made such a profound impression as was never done before by an Indian in

that country. Later on, Protap Chunder went there and across the Atlantic to America, bearing the banner of the Divine Dispensation, and his message was received by the people of those countries with joy, and they found in him a brother. In the fulness of time, when the Spirit of God will lead the people of the East and the West to mutual recognition, and to find out in the history, growth and religion of each other His august manifestations, the services of "Mystic" Mozoomdar, who embodied in his character the profound spirituality of the East and the intellectual acumen and precision of the West, in such nice proportion, will be gratefully acknowledged.

Mr. Mozoomdar was a saint in his home. The piety, culture and refinement of the man had their fullest expression here. The visitors at Peace Cottage and Sailasram bear ample testimony to the peace, sweetness and sanctity of his home life. False prophets and men of the world appear before the public with the bright side of their character, to be admired of men, but an intimate knowledge reveals all the meanness of their nature. It was not so with Mr. Mozoomdar. The more you saw of him in his private life, the more you would be struck with the fidelity and nobleness of his nature.

In May 1904, while at Kurseong, Mr. Mozoomdar fell seriously ill. He was brought down to Calcutta with difficulty. Under the able treatment of Dr. R.

L. Dutt, who throughout the long illness was all attention to him, rallied sufficiently to be able to go up-country for a change. There he got worse and was again brought back to Calcutta. Every one now perceived that the end was drawing near. During the last three months of his illness he was absolutely bedridden. But how to describe the patience and resigned tranquillity of the saintly patient! During the long tiresome twelve months of illness, nobody heard an expression of pain or a word of complaint escape his lips. Calm and self-subdued, there he lay in his bed, rendering a still higher ministry of faith and love than what he did when in health and vigour. It was no uncertain thing to him whither he was to go, or what to become of him after death. The most oft repeated prayer that he was heard to say in those days was, "Mother, take me home." It was like the stretching forth of the arms of a child to go to the loving bosom of its mother. When the pain was severe or life otherwise very tiresome, a song or prayer had a most soothing effect upon him. No one who has not seen it can form an adequate idea of the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. It was the conquest of the love of God over sickness and death.

But all accounts of Mr. Mozoomdar's life are incomplete if the self-sacrificing zeal with which some of his friends and followers nursed him during the fatal illness is not mentioned. It was the fitting close of a

life that spent itself in the service of others. Day and night, they, headed by the sweet-souled Professor Binoyendra Nath Sen, watched by his bedside, attended to all his wants, and often did menial services. No good son could serve his parent more faithfully during the hour of trouble.

The last day came on Saturday, the 27th May, 1905. On that day he passed away at 2-27 P.M.

SURESH CHANDRA BOSE.

## MOZOOMDAR-ON HIMSELF.

### III

I am Alone.—I have launched into the dark waters. I have bade adieu to men's warnings. I am alone with my God. Be it unto me as he willeth. My friends are few,—have I any? What upholds me but the spirit of God? All other prospects are deceptive, all other promises are false.

In view of the Chicago Exposition.—Great hope exhilarating enthusiasm, a sense of triumph over weakness and want, alternate with brief intervals of fear, deadly depression, dark uncertainty. The first mood predominates, the last is a passing shadow; but as it is the shadow of a possibility, I will count with it. For what I am going,—for vain glory? Nay. To run away from my persecutors? Nay. For physical pleasure? Nay. For what, then? To lay the noblest aspirations of my country and my people before the judgment seat of mankind; to glorify God in the land of the living, as I have glorified him in this land of death; to bear witness that the spirit of God is infinitely active and alive, still evolving human destiny to higher inheritances, and shaping the



future so much more glorious than the past ; that the Ideal may be made actual ; that aspiration, communion, prayer, may be assured in their reality by the acceptance of all nations ; that the New Dispensation of God preached to a few hitherto may dawn upon the whole world, I go. I know my infirmities, my dangers, I am conscious of everything that can happen to me. Who can escape the pursuit of disease and death ? When his time comes, what will keep back the man ? When God spares him, who will slay ? But, whether I stand or fall, I prefer to be found with my father. If I fall, I will fall at his side, fighting the good fight. If I come back, I will return with his blessing multiplied unto myself and unto my people.

\*

God's work in Me.—No, my life has not been wasted, though till now I cannot be said to be a successful man. What have I founded, what have I established, what have I completed, who or what will stand as my memorial when I am gone ? There is a throb of some thing like despair when I think thus. But in these degenerate times it is a great thing to have found the Spirit of God, to have loved him, to have been fed, kept, and preserved by him all my life. To his fatherly providence, taking care of my least want, bodily or spiritual, I bear testimony. I have known no support, no friend, no teacher, but him. Those who have at times taught me or been friendly to me have done so

*only* because I have stood in his way. What, oh, what would have happened to me if God had not called me and kept me? Look at all my blood-relations, and answer this question. The Spirit of the Holy One has founded in me at least one character on the basis of this New Dispensation to the age. Now let me by his grace establish myself firmly forever as his appointed servant. Let me complete my love and trust in him. Let me cast myself away upon his providence, work and worship, try to do better than all I have hitherto done. I know not what the end will be; but I know my humble life will remain as a memorial to the fact that even in times such as these the All-merciful can save and exalt the basest of sinners. Praise his name!

Ambition.—Yes, humblest and most friendless poor beyond speaking, but full of ardour, strength, energy, strenuous in hope and faith, active, ever active, such is my ambition of life. Heavily burdened, but all enduring, hated by all, but full of universal love—working with the spirit almighty for my own emancipation and that of all men.

A King in the conquest of my passions, a slave and a prisoner of the Lord in limiting my desires, in going through my labours, a child, the veriest child, in cheerfulness and innocence, a woman in the tenderness and forgiveness of my heart, such is the ambition of my life. Fearless like the lion at the sounds of the forest at midnight, unchained and free like the wind, untainted like

the lily by the foul waters of the world, I grow unto God, I grow unto God.

Lead kindly light.—Shoreless and bottomless and unfamiliar, strange is life in God. The great pilgrims all stand on the other side. They say not how they crossed. Not a voice to guide, not a star to show, only the needle to point northwards, upwards. "Lead kindly light." God alone knows, God alone knows me, a poor stranger to every one and every thing. But like the dying Aurangzeb, I exclaim, "Now I have launched my bark, farewell ! farewell !

Cost of Thy Message.—Long, sad, bitter experience, repeated times without number, convince me that man must be Christ-like,—that is, he must suffer, be degraded, be slain to find acceptance above, and accomplish his destiny here below. Let the cross do its work with you first, die unto the world, and then, not till then can you deliver your message. True work is immortal, but thou must die to do it.

Fresh from death bed.—Fresh from the chamber of death, its vacant lassitude still clings to me. Yet there is the peace fullest assurance of immortality within and without. Infinite compassion bends over the death. Sky, earth and air are full of benediction. The captive is led out of his prison, the tired soul is laid at rest, the pilgrim has reached from where he came, the child reposes on the bosom of the mother. He leaves behind peace to us all. Let all men cry Peace ! Peace ! Peace !

#### IV.

### PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR.

*Prof. Binoyendra Nath Sen.*

A so-called account of life and doings of Protap Mozoomdar is perhaps expected of us. It was a life in which, outwardly speaking, there were not many things to record that are not already known to the public. His early reminiscences set forth in his own picturesque style are put down by way of introduction to "Heart Beats" by his dear American friend Mr. Samuel J. Barrows, forms the first chapter of this book. During the life-time of the great Minister, his life was one of the many minor streams, each having its own windings, its own special fields and tracts of country to water,—but all branching out of and merging again in the great current of the Dispensation whose movements he has himself described in his "Life and Teachings of Keshub Chandra Sen." The characteristics of his personal relationships with many people, men and women, both in and outside the Brahmo Somaj, and the success of his preachings and mission tours, during this period, will probably some day be brought clearly before the public

if his copious correspondence is ever given an opportunity to see the light. His influence upon young, growing souls in the early days of the Brahmo Somaj of India, and upon the development of womanhood in Brahmo households, in connection with the Bharat Asram, and the formation of little family groups in those early days, will by itself form a beautiful chapter in his biography. Himself childless, his interest in the education of the young, particularly young girls, was deep and incessant. He bestowed untiring care upon the training of a few of these girls who grew up to be the flower of womanhood in the small community. One of these girls, in particular, he took into his own household, where she became the darling daughter of the fond parents, and her sainted name when she herself passed away in the prime of life showing an example of the most unselfish self-consecration combined with the purest refinement and culture, touched, to the last day of his life, one of the tenderest spots in his memory. His long residence in Bombay on mission work was characteristically fruitful. People there still recognize that it was he who imparted that life to the theistic movement in that part of the Prarthana Somaj is still keeping up. The recollection of his ministry is cherished there with the deepest reverence and gratitude whereof the present writer had abundant evidence when he was in Bombay. Men like Mr. Damodardas Gobardhandas, the late Dr. Atmaram

Pandurang and Mr. Basudeo Narangi were attached to him by ties of the closest personal friendship. The late Justice Ranade, the Honble Justice Sir Narayan Chandravakar and Dr. Bhandarkar have borne heart felt testimony to the influence of his teachings. At the last Theistic Conference held in Calcutta the Hon. Justice Sir Narayan Chandravarkar spoke of him as his "master" and Dr. Bhandarkar, when he was here in 1903 made it a point to attend regularly the weekly divine service conducted by him, though it was in Bengalee. Distinguished men on the Bombay side, outside the Brahmo Somaj, like the Hon. Mr. Gokhale and Mr. Malabari still cherish the highest respect for him.

His mission tours in England and America that (the former of which he visited four times, and the latter thrice,—viz. 1874, 1883, 1893, 1900, having in 1893, visited and lectured in Japan also on his way back by the Pacific route) are a unique thing in the history of the Brahmo-Somaj. A glance at the appendix to his "Tour round the World" will show the incessant activity he was engaged in while abroad, having got to lecture and preach twice or oftener in the course of of the week, and sometimes even twice on the same day during the whole of his sojourn. The friendships he made in England and America he considered to the last day the most valuable acquisitions of his life, the richness and sweetness of which may some day lie

open before the public by the publications of his correspondence. Dr Barrows of Chicago, who presided at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, though an orthodox Christian himself, came to be most affectionately attached to him. In the World's Parliament of Religions a most prominent place was given to our representative. On the third day of the session, he was given the privilege of leading the whole assemblage in reciting the Lord's Prayer. About the sixth day, we take the following characteristic incident from the "Authorized Report" edited by Dr. Barrows :

"No small feeling was aroused by a telegram from the Brahmo-Somaj, of Calcutta, sending its benediction and god speed to the Parliament. There was resounding cheers from the audience, and expressions of grateful acknowledgment from some of the Hindus on the platform. Mr. Mozoomdar arose and said : It delights my heart to see the spontaneous response to the message which my fellow-believers have sent this vast distance. I feel now, more than I have ever felt, that India and America are as one in the Spirit of the God of all nations. The speaker sat down overcome with emotions." In his book called "A World Pilgrimage" Dr. Barrows describes in loving terms the reception given to him at Peace Cottage when he visited India in 1896, (as the first Barrows lecturer on the Haskell foundation, which lectureship had been founded mainly through the influence of Bhai Protap Chunder). "The hour we spent in

Peace Cottage," he says, "was one of the most beautiful of our lives."

At home, after the death of Keshub Chunder Sen, there were two movements that he originated and that occupied his best thoughts for some time. One was the Brahmo Somaj Union, and the other the Society for the Higher Training of young men. The first was purely an outcome of sentiment, and had never any basis in a common activity or organization. He always spoke most feelingly, to those that were near him, about his relations with Mr. A. M. Bose and two or three other members of the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj, which, he said, were undisturbed by the schism in the church ; he had the highest admiration for the philosophical depth and expository powers of Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore, and a high appreciation of the genius of Babu Rabeendra Nath Tagore, and these joined to a faith in the common reverence in all sections of the Somaj for the venerable Maharshi still living, were the ground of his hope that Union might turn out to be something. But, as the reality of things would have it, with two or three fitful though brilliant demonstrations in the form of a United 'Utsava' it simply melted away, though a revival of the attempts has, sometimes been talked of later as a matter that might appropriately be taken up by the Brahmo Somaj-Committee of which Bhai Protap Chunder was the Secretary when it was started. The Society for the Higher Training of young men had its origin in some



three or four earnest-minded young graduates who gathered around him, and under the patronage of Sir Charles Elliott and Lord Lansdowne got a splendid local habitation in College Square, and later on, bears a new name as the Calcutta University Institute which it still bears. To the last he was the President of its general section. His interest in the youth of Calcutta was unflagging. About this time he composed the small treatise "Aids to moral character," and it was this movement that brought him into an intimate personal relationship with men like the late Bankim Chunder Catterjee, Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, and late Kali Charan Banerjee, which ripened into a close friendship that was always regarded by him as one of the most valued possessions of his life.

These and other simple externals of that simple life of his, the public are already, more or less, aware of. The history of the inner development of the spirit, in the case of a man like him, is however, what one would feel most interested in, but what one cannot so easily outline. A life and character that drew its sap, and assimilated it too, unlike that of almost any other Indian of his generation, from so many different sources, that grew by a living contact with men, and Nature, in such diversified scenes and situations. His spiritual indebtedness to Maharshi Devendra Nath and Brahmananda Keshub Chunder he has himself analysed much better, than could be done by any other person. By nature

and instinct he had a closer affinity with the former, while the latter supplied the inspiration of his life. His English visits brought him into a close personal relationship with men like Prof. Max Muller, Dean Sanley, and Martineau, while to have even occassionally brushed against men like Cardinal Newman, Professer Tyndall, and John Bright was no slight thing. His American visits gave him a number of very dear and attached friends, and also brought him into contact with men like Henry Ward Beecher, and Dr. Lyman Abbott, whilst amongst inarticulate teachers and inspirers the Niagara falls and the grave of Emerson were not of the meanest. In India he was honoured with the personal friendship of Lord Northbrook and Lord Dufferin, the former of whom kept up a friendly correspondence and on the occasion of his last visit to England in 1900, presided at a speech of his in Exeter Hall about India, which was a great success. He was held in the highest esteem by a number of successive lieutenant governors of Bengal, amongst whom Sir Charles Elliott and Sir John Woodburn might perhaps be specially mentioned, both of whom were almost unfailing in their attendance at his annual Town Hall address, and, if we remember aright, placed the Durbar hall at Darjeeling at his disposal, for lecturing purposes which gave him great gratification. All these personal relationships and intercourses he turned to his own spiritual benefit. To them he owed that maturity of

thought and expression which was the fruit of his old age.

But the love of his soul was for the hills. The little *asrama* which some that were nearest and dearest to him had built at Simla sometimes attracted his footsteps thither, but as a rule it was at Kurseong where he had a cottage of his own, beautiful little Sailasram with clustering roses at the gate and passion flowers covering the side wall, that he spent about eight months in the year during the last period of his life. It was from Sailasram that he sent out month after month, his message to his own people and to the world in the Interpreter; it was thence, through letters, that he kept up his relations with humanity or that portion thereof with which he had a personal concern; it was there that he wrote the books by which he will be henceforth known. His long morning and evening walks were hours of deep meditation and communion with Nature and with the Spirit within. Between the morning walk and the 'Upasana' (daily worship) were the hours for work including correspondence and composition of all sorts. Then came the 'Upasana' with its daily self-consecration and sanctification. After a short rest after the mid-day meal, the afternoon was given to reading—books, and magazines and papers of all sorts. When any pilgrims came to these hills, and there were a chosen few who were always welcome, and lived as neighbours or were sometimes even admitted as inmates

into that sanctuary of his, the evening walk was enlivened by their company, and the conversation after return was sometimes carried on far into the night before retiring for rest.

- The annual 'Maghotsab' drew him down to Calcutta in the winter months. He had several times made attempts to have an organized congregation in Calcutta with a fixed place of worship; he had long given up these attempts as fruitless. Even in connection with the annual celebrations what he cared for most, next to his annual Town Hall address, which he looked upon as a sort of proclamation of the latest message of the Brahmo-Somaj before the whole world, was the 'Brahmica Utsava,' annual gathering of ladies for worship. This he always had at Peace Cottage. Thither came the ladies of all sections—the cultured, the refined, the beautiful, the devout from all the households in our community, and carried away with them some touch of the Divine which opened their eyes to a higher culture a purer refinement, a noble Beauty than they were familiar with in their daily life in the world. When the last 'Maghotsab' came he was absolutely bed-ridden. The Town Hall address was out of the question. Doctors had peremptorily forbidden even the least excitement. Friends talked of having the Brahmica Utsab somewhere else. But the patient would not submit. The ladies were invited and came as usual, and though he could not conduct the service, he had

himself brought down on an easy chair, to the place of worship, and had a message and a prayer read out to the ladies in his presence, which he had himself composed and written with his shaking fingers.

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## BHAI PRATAP.

BY UPADHYAYA GOUR GOVIND RAY,

(Apostle, New Dispensation.)

He is not dead : Life for evermore is become the portion of his Reward. His life was one ministry of Love of God and man. The mortal part in him slumbers in his ashes ; but out of these ashes is risen forth the Immortal ; and that has entered into the life and thought of New India. Else who this upheaval, social and religious, in our midst ? The Ethical Ideal which India seeks to realise this day, was inspired by him while he was in our midst, clad in folds of flesh. That ideal he affirmed and preached and lived ; it supported him in the crosses, and in what the man of little faith calls, the defeats of life. Out of these 'defeats' has gone forth to-day, the Conquering Spirit which in the Church of his own choice is shewing forth itself in the organised efforts of all anxious to make Theism a lifting power in the land, anxious to have an organisation which may embrace Theists of every stage, and help in perfecting the moral ideal of every one, in spelling the death of all secterianism, and in securing the triumph of that Universalism, which shall proclaim in every land the Gospel of One God, one Scripture, One Church.

Bhai Pratap Chunder Mozoomdar : blessed be his name. He opened to the minds of many in our midsts, a vision of that Universal Humanity whose tidal inspiration ignores all limit-lines of East and West. This day is sacred to his memory ; and we who loiter still along the way of this earthly life while he has ascended robed in Immortal Glory—we do bear witness, this day, to the beauty and grace, the tenderness and strength of his life. His life was one of labour for the Cause ; his love for the Mother-land was pure as it was deep : nor did he pass away without blessing all, and pouring silent benedictions on all. His life was melodious with the music of the Lord : may his example be to every one a Source of Strength for evermore !

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